

The True Northerner.

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WHOLE NO. 1103.

OUR ORDER OF NOBILITY.

The patent of nobility
Dates further back than history,
Or say parchment scroll,
Or coats of arms of ancient lords,
Or mystic signs, or diphthongs—
'Tis written in the soul.

Good blood is that which never pales
When error's sword the right assails;
It flashes like a flame,
When innocence is trodden down;
It whitens not before the crown
Of laurel worn by fame.

Royal is the blood, when hearts are true;
To prove the pulsing current true;
By name, and date, and birth,
Will not suffice when left alone;
He is the king upon the throne
Who has true moral worth.

No gilded coat of arms he needs
Whose title springs from noble deeds;
Self-poised, star-crowned and tall,
He stands, like some high tower that fings
A shadow on the petty kings,
Like the anointed Saul.

A crown may be a vacant show
A scarf of stars, a blinding glow,
Cold the embroidered zone;
A title, not a little deed,
The scepter but a broken reed,
A dunce's block the throne.

At home, in school, let youth be taught
To win nobility of thought;
Thoughts are the fruitful seeds,
Sown broadcast in our daily walk,
They bud and blossom on the stalk
Of daily life in deeds.

NELLIE HARTWELL'S HOUSEKEEP- ING.

"My dearest Nellie!"
"Dear Horace!"
"And you will be content to take me
as I am—a poor clerk, with only seven
hundred a year? Will you be happy to
pass life with me in a small house,
and attend to the domestic affairs your-
self?"

"Yes, Horace."
"But, have you considered, my best
beloved, how great a burden this may
sometimes be?"

"A burden? O, Horace, as if any-
thing that I could do for you would be
a burden! A sweet little vine-wreathed
cottage will be delightful. A cozy
house all to ourselves, and no prying
housemaids to spy into everything we
do, and prate of my faults and failings
to the whole neighborhood."

"And no burnt steak and black cof-
fee! Doubly delicious the ambrosial
nectar that your lily hands shall pre-
pare, my day-star, my wife—that is to
be."

Immediately upon this followed a con-
cession which made the windows clatter
as in the breath of a tempest; and, from
what little experience we have had in
such promises, we must venture to affirm
that he kissed her—which of course
sealed the compact.

Horace Hartwell was a fine-looking
young fellow of twenty-three—a clerk in
the jobbing-house of Martin & Turner;
and Nellie Armstead was the daughter of
a man who, though by no means
wealthy, had a wonderful talent for ap-
pearing so. In this laudable endeavor
he was aided by his wife—a handsome,
showy woman, who brought his daughter
up to ornament the parlor, to the utter
exclusion of the kitchen. Therefore,
Nellie was well qualified by educa-
tion to become the mistress of a house,
and the regulator of its domestic af-
fairs.

Horace Hartwell had fallen in love
with her pretty face at a picnic; and, on
obtaining an introduction, the infatua-
tion had increased, until he came to the
conclusion that he could not live with-
out her; and Nellie was firmly con-
vinced that she should pine away and
die if separated from Horace. And hav-
ing succeeded in convincing Mrs. Arm-
stead of this fact, that lady informed her
husband, and the good man had nothing
to do but consent to the marriage which
was to be the means of saving two valu-
able lives.

One fine, sunshiny morning in May,
Horace and Nellie stood before the cler-
gyman, and after that people called Nel-
lie Mrs. Hartwell, and congratulated her
on the happiness which was within her
reach.

The young couple took up their resi-
dence in a neat, one-story house, a little
removed from the bustle of the city, and
easy of access from the store where Hor-
ace was employed. And here they first
came to realize that Longfellow was not
far from the truth when he said,
"Life is real, life is earnest."

Their house was comfortably, if not
luxuriously, furnished, and an ample
stock of the good things of life was laid
in for Nellie to exercise her skill upon
as a cuisinier.

When everything was put to rights,
and Horace had gone to his place of
business, leaving many a lover-like kiss
on the white forehead of his wife, to-
gether with the intimation that he would
expect dinner at three o'clock, Nellie
consulted her watch and found that she
had full four hours in which to prepare
that important meal. She would dress
before she commenced doing anything
about the kitchen, she thought; she had
read so much of untidy housekeepers, it
never should be said she went round the
house in slipshod shoes or dingy wrap-
pers. O, no; housework should never
make a sloven of her.

So Nellie went up to her chamber, ar-
ranged her hair in becoming ringlets,
donned a pretty white cashmere pei-
gnoir over an embroidered skirt, and with
black velvet bracelets on her arms and a
blush rose in its own sweet buds and
foliage on her bosom, it must be con-
fessed that little Nellie looked pretty
enough to challenge anybody's admi-
ration.

"Let me see," quoth she, meditating,
"What shall I have for dinner? Horace
is fond of broiled steak; I've heard him
say so. And pudding; yes, there must
be pudding; a rice one, I guess will be
best. And then there must be potatoes
and bread. That will suffice for the
table; now for the drinkables, as Aunt
Keziah says. Shall I have tea,

coffee, chocolate, or water? My head
doesn't feel very well, and it shall be
tea; tea helps settle anybody's head, I
have heard mother say. That's all, I
believe—no, there's the sauce; there
must be some kind of sauce. Shall it
be apple or cranberry? For this once,
cranberry; it's an abominable job to
pare apples, and it stains one's hands so
shockingly; and Horace can't endure
stained hands. I'll go and make a fire
now."

And suiting the action to the word,
Nellie, after some search, found the
coal shovel, and put into the stove a peck
of coal and an ignited bunch of friction
matches, then stood quietly awaiting the
conflagration which was to ensue. Noth-
ing alarming occurred; there was con-
siderable smoke, and a powerful, strong
smell of brimstone, but no great fire.
She concluded that the matches didn't
get fairly burning, so she tried another
"unch; and believing this could not fail
of accomplishing her design, she retired
to the pantry as the next field of opera-
tion. After considerable thought on the
subject, she decided to make the pud-
ding first; it would be the most difficult
job, she argued. Well, how was it to
be made? "The Revised American
Cook Book and Delicate Housewife's
Special and Valuable Friend in Need"
was called in play. There was a para-
graph on the cover to the effect that you
would find everything worth knowing
within the lids of that invaluable casket
of diamonds; and Nellie fondly believed
that people in general prefer speaking
truth to a lie! So she opened the book
in full faith touching its veracity.

"Rice pudding. Put the rice to soak
in lukewarm water, having picked it
clean of all impurities; and milk, sugar,
and salt to your taste. A little nutmeg
and a couple of eggs improve it."
"Goodness me!" ejaculated Nellie,
"how am I to know anything about it, I
wonder? How much is a little nutmeg?
And how much rice, and milk, and
sugar, will be enough? And, as I live,
if there ain't the awfulest snout spot upon
my skirt! I must wash that out the first
thing!" And, forgetful of pudding and
dinner, she flew to the wash bowl, and
scrubbed the soiled cambric till its gap-
ing threads cried eloquently for quarter.

By the time this was cleansed she
espied a second spot, located on the
sleeve of her dressing-gown, and this
must undergo the same elaborate pro-
cess as the former blemish. When this
much was gone through with, she saw
that the rose on her bosom was in a dis-
abled condition—the rose itself being
among the missing, and the two delicate
buds broken and wilted. So Nellie had
to go up stairs and get a fresh blossom.
Horace admired flowers, and thought
Nellie became them amazingly.

"Now the pudding must be mixed,
for certain," said she, assuming an air
of pretty importance, which, unfortun-
ately, no one was there to see. "Let
me read that recipe over again. 'Pick
it clean of all impurities.' I wonder if
that means the water, or the rice. It
can't mean the rice, assuredly, for that
is as clean as it possibly can be; it is the
double refined—no, double distilled—
merry! strange that I should forget the
label on the box! Well, it is pure rice,
that don't need any picking, any way.
How much rice will it take? Goodness!
I wish the cook book was a little more
definite. Some time, I'll write one my-
self, that will give all the particulars to
a teaspoonful. Well, we shall want the
large white dish full; I'll measure it,
and see how much it holds."

And away flew Nellie to gauge the
pudding dish, in order to calculate the
quantity needed for the pudding. She
found the plate capable of containing
two quarts, and from this she concluded
that two quarts of rice would be quite
enough. The extravagant item was
measured out, and committed to a tin
pan full of water to undergo the soak-
ing process, and Nellie surveyed with
dismay what remained in the box.

"Dear me! it must be a terrible ex-
pense to keep house—here's every bit
of that rice gone for a pudding; and
Horace only having \$700 a year. I must
try to be very saving. I won't use
as much sugar as I intended to; and
the recipe says a little nutmeg—and I
won't put in so much as that. Economy
is a real virtue."

Soliloquizing thus to herself, Nellie
mixed the rice, water and all, with a
cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of sugar,
two unbeat eggs, a half a cup of salt, and
a few grains of nutmeg. This precious
compound she put into the oven of the
stove and then proceeded to examine the
fire. This was not so easily done, as
there was no fire to be examined. Nel-
lie thought she never did see such a con-
trary stove in her life; and by way of
improving its contumacious disposition,
she poured two or three spoonfuls of
burning fluid on the coal, and then
touched a lucifer to it. The effect was
astounding; the covers of the stove
were blown off like a beaver hat in a
mere "flash in the pan."

"Never mind," said Nellie, in a con-
solatory tone; "I guess it will kindle;
there seems to be a small blaze under-
neath."

The potatoes were brought next, and
having carefully peeled them, she placed
them in a kettle with some water and
put them over the stove. Then she cut
the steak—and her finger at the same
time; and the extraordinary gyration
which she made under the influence of
the pain upset the flour bucket into the
stove-pail and entangled her crinoline in
the hooks of the steelyard which de-
pended from the wall. It was a long
time before she could break clear from
these tenacious intruders; the steel
frame-work of her skeleton held on like
true metal, and the hooks of the steel-
yard were bound not to let go; so a

compromise was made, and Nellie dis-
vested herself of the warlike garment and
disengaged the combatants at her
leisure.

Nellie had heard her mother's cook
say that pounding meat made it tender;
and, in pursuance of this knowledge,
she put the pieces of steak into a mortar
and pounded them until the perspiration
streamed down her face and her arms
ached with the exertion. As for the
meat, it is best not to say much regard-
ing the appearance; but it more strong-
ly resembled a poultice than anything
else.

While she was thus engaged the cat—
a family pet—had taken possession of
the remainder of the steak, and was en-
joying it to her feline heart's content, in
the shadow of the pickle jar.

"Scat, scat, you beast! Shoo, scat,
there! Shoo, I say!" cried Nell, drop-
ping the mortar, and making at pussy
with the pestle elevated over her head.
The cat, to avoid the impending blow,
made a sidelong spring, knocking down
a shelf which held several vessels of
milk, and this shelf falling upon the egg
basket, smashed a chosen dozen of as
good eggs as ever he cackled over.

Nellie had quite a mind to sit down
in the midst of the ruin and indulge in
a good cry; but she controlled herself, and
after mopping up the milk, to the great
detriment of her white garments, she
went out into the kitchen to see what
progress the fire was making. There
was not the least vestige of a fire about
the premises, and poor Nellie was in
despair. Just then she spied a boy go-
ing by, and called out:

"Here, boy, here! I'll give you nine-
pence to do a little job for me."

The boy's eye glistened at the pros-
pect, and he obeyed her call with alac-
rity; but, when she told him to make a fire,
he laughed in her face. However, he
was a capable lad—as Nellie thought—
and ere long, by his skillful application
of kindlings, a brisk fire was in progress.
The stipulated price was paid, and Nellie
considered it a good bargain.

The pudding was in the oven, the
potatoes in the pot, the steak on the
griddle upon the top of the stove—
everything was en train. By-and-by
the dripping from the fat began to smell
rather unpleasantly; it filled the room
with smoke so dense and stifling that
poor Nellie's eyes grew red and tearful;
and the tortured meat sizzled and
hissed, and turned black as a bear's
skin. Nellie threw open the doors and
stuck to her task of turning the grid-
iron, resolved in vulgar, though ex-
pressive, parlance "to grin and bear it."

The pudding boiled over a continued
stream; the potatoes bounced up and
down in the kettle like cockle shells in
a stormy sea; the steak groaned and
spit, and in the midst of it all the clock
struck three. Punctual to the hour,
Horace's step sounded in the entry, the
kitchen door was flung open with a
lover's impetuosity, and that individual
invaded the smoky room.

"Good gracious, Nellie! is the house
on fire? Come here this moment, dar-
ling. What under the canopy ails your
face? It's blacker than the ace of spades—
begging your pardon for the compar-
ison. Do look into the glass, Nell!"

He wheeled her round toward the mir-
ror, and surely the picture there pre-
sented was not the most attractive one
that a young husband might wish to look
upon. The ashes which had been evolved
from the stove through her unremitting
attempts to make a fire had settled on
her hair, until her head was as white as
that of an ancient militia captain, pow-
dered for training day. One long curl
had dipped itself in the hot water, over
which she had been standing in vain
effort to scrub the stains from her clothes,
and it was straightened out as perpen-
dicular as a candle, and hung, dripping
with water, down her back. To finish
the *tout ensemble*, a streak of soot ex-
tended from her left temple across her
nose to her right cheek, and at sight of
the ridiculous figure she made poor
Nellie burst into tears. This only made
matters worse; but Horace, like a true
hero, kissed away the tears, soot and all,
transferring by far the larger portion of
the latter substance to his own face.

Then he off coat, turned up sleeves, and
announced himself ready to assist about
the dinner. In this respect Horace was
a jewel, and his wife blessed him for the
generous heart which prompted his ready
sympathy. But his abilities as a cook
were in no wise equal to his will. He
turned the steak, and lost half of it in
the fire through the bars of the gridiron,
"set" the table with the cloth wrong
side out, the knives in the spoon-holder,
the butter in the preserve bowl, and
mistook the pudding dish for the meat
plate.

The potatoes were fished out of the
pot, boiled to a complete mash; not one
particle was left upon another; and
Horace, to his wife's dismay, insisted
upon straining potatoes and water
through the dish-cloth, in the hope of
saving the remains.

At last they sat down to dinner—bak-
er's bread, suspicious-looking butter,
meat, and a pie from the confectioner's.
The pudding was to answer for the des-
sert.

"Is there tea or coffee, dearest?"
asked Horace, looking dubiously over
the table.

"Goodness, if I didn't forget it!"
cried Nellie, springing up with such
force as to upset the custard, and send the
vinegar dancing to the floor. "How
much tea will it take for us?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Hor-
ace, slowly. "What does your cook-
book say?"

Nellie consulted the work.

"It says 'a quantity proportionate to
the size of the family.' How much
would that be for us?"

"Well, I don't know; about a cup
full, I should think."

So a cup full was put into the urn;
hot water was added, and the two house-
keepers sat down and waited patiently
for the steeping to be finished. At last
the tea was drawn; Horace sugared
and creamed it, and put the cup to his
lips.

"Good heavens!" cried he, in dis-
may, it is strong enough to bear up a
long-boat; and black, too. No more
black ink needed in this house yet
awhile. We must drink water to-day.
There, there, never mind; it was all
my work."

Nellie's tears had begun to flow again,
and Horace leaned over the table to kiss
her forehead, upsetting the tea at the
same time into the bosom of his white
vest. The amount of caloric contained
in the fluid was decidedly unpleasant,
and poor Horace, under the influence of
the pain, kicked over his chair and broke
the looking-glass with the flourish of his
elbows. Then he begged Nellie's par-
don, picked up the chair, removed the
fragments of the mirror, kissed his Ni-
obe of a wife, and sat down to finish his
dinner. Alas for his appetite! The
steak was nothing but a burnt cinder—
outrageously detrimental to molar and
incisors; the potatoes were *non est*; and
Horace saved all his powers for the
pudding. And he had need of them.

The dessert was brought on and
poured into its appropriate receptacle,
and Horace helped himself and his wife
to bountiful portions.

"Turk's island! and crystallized
lime-stone!" cried he, dropping his first
mouthful back into his plate. "Lot's
wife must have been imported in the
last steamer."

"Why, Horace!" exclaimed Nellie,
in alarm, "what is the matter with the
pudding?"

"Saltier than salitodus! Do taste,
Nell!"

One mouthful was sufficient. Nellie's
pretty face was screwed up into a hun-
dred puckers.

"Why, Horace, who would have
thought it? I only put in half a cup-
ful."

Dinner passed off rather soberly. Nel-
lie was mortified at the ill success of her
hard work. Horace was obliged to quit
the table hungry, and we all know that
a man with an empty stomach, and the
prospect of that organ's remaining thus,
is a formidable animal.

However, his good humor returned
directly. He kissed Nellie good-by,
and left her to the task of washing the
dishes—no easy duty, by the way.

The dinner and its accompaniments
were but the prototype of many another
dinner. It would be infinitely amusing
to the reader to follow Nellie Harwell
through the four weeks following her
removal to a house of her own.

She invariably forgot to make the
bed until she went up stairs to retire;
the lamps were never filled till the mo-
ment they were wanted; the carpets
were swept after she had dusted the
furniture; she boiled the calico clothes
and the white ones together; made
starch of cold water; ironed Horace's
dickies wrong side out; sewed up the
fingers of his gloves; mistook salt for
saleratus and tartar emetic for salt;
burnt the meat, forgot to sweeten the
sponge cake, and made a hundred other
blunders that every inexperienced
housekeeper can imagine for herself.

A month of this kind of existence
passed away, and Nellie broached a plan
to her husband. Horace was only too
delighted to consent. Their house was
shut up; the young man went to a board-
ing house and Nellie went to Aunt Martha
Chase, a widowed sister of her father,
who resided in a country town some
twenty miles away.

Aunt Martha was a lady more cele-
brated for the excellence of her pies and
preserves than for the number of her
flourishes, and under her tutelage Nellie
became, in time, what every woman
should be, without regard to her station,
a good housekeeper. And when at the
end of three months she went back to
her own house, there were no more salt
puddings or burnt steaks.

Little lady, think well beforehand, if
the adoration of your accepted lover will
live after marriage if fed upon bad bread
and black coffee.

Manufacture of American Silks.

At the annual meeting of the Silk As-
sociation of America, held in New York
city last week, reports were read show-
ing that the American silk manufactur-
ers are prospering, and rapidly meeting
the demands of home consumption. The
total value of American silk goods man-
ufactured in 1875 was \$27,158,071; Amer-
ican silk ribbons manufactured were
valued at \$4,807,985, and the value of
imported silk ribbons was only \$2,984,-
271. American manufacturers of sewing-
silks and twist are stated to be compet-
ing successfully with the English man-
ufacturers in the Canadian market. A
marked feature of the increased activity
in the silk trade of Paterson, N. J., last
year, has been the immigration of a
number of so-called master silk-weavers
from France and England. These men
individually own several looms, which
in some instances they have brought
with them. They carry on weaving at
their homes, one or more rooms being
fitted up for that purpose.

A young lady at a party, when invited
to partake of the pudding, replied,
"No, many thanks, my dear madam.
By no manner of means. I have already
indulged the clamorous calls of a craving
appetite until the manifest sense of an
intellectual fullness admonishes my stay;
my deficiency is entirely and satisfac-
torily satisfied."

KEEPING THE DEVIL AWAY.

Chinese Feast of the Dead—A Mongolian
Picnic in a Raging Snow Storm.

(Virginia City (Rev.) Cor. New York World.)

From Virginia City to the Sauto tun-
nel a road has been built across the hills
for the accommodation of the Tunnel
Company. Since the road was built,
various habitations have sprung up along
its borders. The county hospital is
reached by this road, likewise the habi-
tation of "Old Kentucky," a hermit, who
lives, with his donkey and dog, in a hut
about three miles from Virginia, and a
like distance from Sauto. "Kentuck" is
certainly a curiosity, but the great
curiosity of the neighborhood is the
Chinese cemetery, in the sage brush,
just east of the county hospital. I have
often been struck by the bare and de-
serted appearance of the place as I
passed along the divide between the two
towns, but was never more forcibly im-
pressed with its weird and somber char-
acteristics than on a certain clear and
terribly cold midnight in February, as I
guided my jaded horse through the
mountainous snow drifts and wondered
if ever any one saw a Chinese ghost!

This afternoon I had occasion to pass
over this grade, and my curiosity was
aroused by the spectacle of a wagon
load of Chinamen directing their way
toward the Chinese cemetery. I could
not believe it to be a funeral, for there
was nothing to indicate a corpse, but to
satisfy my curiosity I followed them.

Just as they arrived at the cemetery I
looked toward Mount Davidson, and saw
the snow whirling on its crest. Before
I arrived in the midst of the Mongolians
a blinding, stinging snow storm was upon
us. It came directly from the south-
east, driven by a fearful gale of wind,
and for half an hour it raged as I never
saw a snow storm rage before. The
Chinamen, nothing daunted, commenced
unloading the wagon of its treasures—a
whole roast hog, plates of rice, bundles
of cigarettes, white biscuit sprinkled
with red sugar, preserved ginger,
liquors and fireworks and bundles
of light brown bits of paper inscribed
with Chinese characters. One of the
heathen spread out a roll of pa-
pers to the four quarters of the compass,
and laid them on each grave, keeping
them in place with a stone; another
grasping a handful of sticks about as
large in circumference as a match, and a
foot in length, lighted them and placed
them at the head of the graves. Others
took bunches of tiny candles, and placed
them lighted on the graves, the whole
crowd keeping up the most incessant
chattering all the time. "Hi, ya! Hi,
ya! goun a wa; teya," seemed to my un-
educated understanding the burden of
their song. Then a bundle of fireworks
were set off amid loud hurrahs. With-
out further ceremony they squatted
themselves on the ground and the feast
commenced. My distinguished friend
and laundress, Su Wong, politely re-
quested me to join the feast, but I be-
lieved that I could wait until I reached
Virginia City. The fact is I was not
hungry. The joss sticks continued to
burn and the Chinamen discussed the
baked meats of the many funerals, and
the storm increased in fury every mo-
ment. Finally the feast was completed
—a little quicker than is usual on these
occasions, I judged, and, gathering up
the remnants, they replaced them in the
wagon, and all returned to Virginia. In
former times they used to leave the re-
mains of the banquet in the cemetery,
but the Pinte Indians, without the fear
of the Mongolian deity before their
eyes, were wont to gobble up the dainties
as soon as the Chinamen were out of
sight, which "would never do for Larry
O'Brien." During the ceremonies I
asked Su Wong what it all meant, and
was told it was a "yearly feast of the
dead, to keep the devil away."

Civilized Man vs. the Savages.

In regard to the relative strength of
men in different places, investigations
show that of twelve natives of Van Die-
men's Land the mean strength of their
arms was 50.6; of seventeen natives of
New Holland it was 50.08, and of their
loins 10.2; of fifty-six natives of the
island of Timor it was 58.7, and of their
loins 11.6; of seventeen Frenchmen it
was 69.2, and of their loins 15.2; and of
fourteen Englishmen it was 71.4, and of
their loins 16.3. The causes of this
weakness on the part of savages are
sufficiently obvious in their poor and scanty
food, want of clothing and shelter, and
the various comforts which tend to non-
ish and support the human frame.
Wherever man is found in a state of na-
ture he is necessarily surrounded by
circumstances unfavorable to existence,
and certainly to physical development
and prowess—immense tracts of forest
cover the land, large masses of water
stagnate on the earth, noxious and pes-
tilential vapors remain unrelieved, fer-
ocious and venomous animals have con-
stantly to be guarded against, and, o-
course, the lack of means to efficiently
combat these and other disadvantages
tend to weaken the vital forces. Most
of those who have traveled in barbarous
climes unite in saying that they seldom
come across an old man; and the same
causes, apart from violence, which tend
to shorten life, may be reasonably ex-
pected to diminish strength.

Paper Bed Covering.

A suggestion that has been frequently
made in the newspapers, that a sheet of
blown paper used as a bed covering be-
tween or on top of other wrappings, will
impart additional warmth and be as ser-
viceable as a blanket, has been acted up-
on by Mr. Loder, who has taken out a
patent for paper blankets. They are
perforated at distances of about four
inches, in order to promote the ventila-
tion which the density of the brown pa-
per material interrupts. These paper

blankets may prove a boon to the poor,
and as they are economical, and ready
for use in any emergency, they will be
acceptable in hospitals for the supply of
which Mr. Loder has already obtained
two or three contracts.

Fifth and Point.

LIVING IN WAIT: False scales.

A MAN who has nothing to seize is in
easy circumstances.

THERE is plenty of game in the Black
Hills. "Seven-up" and "poker" pre-
dominate.

"THE last galoot's A. Shore," who
was arrested for cruelly beating his wife,
in Louisville, last week.

AN exchange has an article headed,
"The latest agony at dinner parties."
The editor must have been luxuriating
in fresh cucumbers.

TOMMY (suddenly, on his way home
from church)—"What did you take out
of the bag, mamma? I only got six-
pence! Look here!"

"WHAT is conscience?" asked a school-
master. "An inward monitor," replied
a bright little fellow. "And what's a
monitor?" "One of the iron-clads."

A COMPOSITOR, setting up a report of
a horse race, said the fool-sellers were
busy, "instead of 'the pool-sellers,' but
it did not alter the sense of the para-
graph much.

A LITTLE boy, whose conduct made
his mother say that she feared he did
not pray, replied: "Yes, I do; I pray,
every night, that God will make you and
pa like my ways better."

PUBLICAN—"Your dog's very fat, Mr.
Pray what do you feed him on?" "Trav-
eler—" "Well, he has no particular
meals; but whenever I take a glass of
ale I give him a biscuit, you know!"

It would do some of the first settlers
of Jamestown, Va., good to come to life
and take a peep at that town. They
would find everything about as they left
it, only looking a little older, with more
knot-holes to be seen.

A FAST youth asked at a Frisco res-
taurant: "What have you got?"
"Almost everything," was the reply.
"Almost everything? Well, give me a
plate of that." "Certainly. One plate
of hash!" yelled the waiter.

A VERY tall man was in the streets of
Boston, when an old lady who admired
his gigantic stature, thus addressed
him: "Mister, were you large when
you were small?" "Yes, marm, I was
considerable big when I was little."

A DOCTOR in Omaha was engaged to
attend a lady in her confinement, agree-
ing to charge \$10. The lady gave birth
to twins, and he demanded double pay.
Payment being refused, he sued her, but
lost the case.

A PREACHER at Glasgow, Mo., hesi-
tated to tell a dying man that he would
go right to heaven till the dying man's
brother stabbed him twice in the head,
and gave him more liberal ideas of the
mercy of heaven.

"My boy, tell us what you know
about rattan?" said the committeeman.
"It is sometimes called the 'Calamus
Rotang,' comes from Penang, Samar-
ang, and Padang, and is used by the
master in this school too dang often."

As Pat up the ladder was climbing one day,
His foot filled with bricks, the usual way,
A fresh landed brother from over the sea,
Half rose over, or at least seemed to be,
Called up from the street, with a comical wink,
"Come down, ye spalpeen, and let's take a
drink."

"Bedad and I will," says good-natured Pat,
"Then I'll carry my bricks inside o' my hat."
"MONDAY was one of those dreary,
rainy days when a man stays at home all
day and pulls out all his private papers,
with a view to straightening things, and
after looking them carefully over, leaves
them in a heap on the table for his wife
to put away."

In one of Beethoven's letters, in
which he gives his publishers the correc-
tions of some proofs of a